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Poetry.

THE TWO GLASSES

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

There sat two glasses filled to the brim
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.
One was ruddy and red as blood;
And one was clear as the crystal flood.

Said the Glass of Wine to his pale brother;
'Let us tell tales of the past to each other!
I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might;
For the proudest and grandest souls of earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown;
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down.
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future as barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fall,
And sent the train from the iron rail.
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me.
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before me fall;
And my might and power are over all!
Ho, ho, pale brother,' said the Wine.
'Can you boast of deeds as great as mine.'

Said the Glass of Water: 'I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host!
But I can tell of hearts that were sad
By my crystal drops made bright and glad!
Of thirsts that I have quenched and brows I have laved,
Of hands I have cooled, and souls I have saved.
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Slept in the sunshine, and dripped from the fountain.
I have burst my cloud fetters and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the prospect and eye:
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
I can tell of manhood debased by you
That I have uplifted and crowned anew;
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the wine-chained captive free,
And all are better for knowing me.'

These are the tales they told each other,
The Glass of Wine and its pale brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.

—From 'Kingdom of Love' and Other Poems.

Select Family Reading

THE COMING OF MARION

By Florence Nightingale

"MARION will be home tonight." There was a peculiar note in Mrs. Grey's voice as she made this announcement; involuntarily I glanced up from my breakfast to see the expression that might accompany it, and caught a look in the kind eyes which I could not, then, fathom. There was nothing more said, and after a moment's silence I remarked:

"You expect your other daughter, also, to-day, do you not.

"Yes, Gertrude will arrive this afternoon. The dear child! What an age it seems since her short vacation at Easter time! I can't begin to tell you how much we miss our girls."

I looked again for the expression I had noticed before, but this time found only a world of loving anticipation in the mother eyes. A moment later she added, again with that peculiar tenderness in her voice: "But Marion cannot reach home until midnight; she is much farther away than Gertrude, and cannot make as good connections."

I was spending the summer months in this little country town, for health and recreation, and had been fortunate in securing board and lodging with Mr. and Mrs. Grey, whose small farm bordered on the village. I had heard them speak many times of their daughters, one of whom was a bookkeeper and the other a stenographer in distant cities, and from their conversation I had gleaned that the one shadow in their peaceful lives was this separation forced upon them by circumstances, and their greatest joy the anticipation of the summer vacation which the sisters always spent together at home. I had heard their names spoken so often I felt that I almost knew the girls themselves, and looked forward to their coming with an unusual degree of interest.

It was beautiful to see the glad light in the mother's eyes as she bustled about the little home, making every possible preparation for the pleasure and comfort of her girls, and to hear the happy ring in the father's voice as he announced from the doorway that the new hammock was ready for occupancy on the shadiest shady corner of the porch, where Gertrude always loved to read and dream.

"I do hope she'll like it, mother," he added a trifle anxiously—"the color, I mean; it was the very best and prettiest one Jones had, but Gertrude never liked yellow very well." Then turning to me, he continued: "Now Marion will be so glad to get home that she won't notice the color of anything but the sky and the trees and the grass; anyway, she doesn't care for a hammock as Gertrude does. She's more apt to be in the kitchen with mother, or at the barn or in the field with me. That's Marion every time!"

Did I imagine it, or was there in the father's voice, too, a peculiar tenderness as he spoke the name "Marion"?

Every nook and corner in the little home was clean and cool and sweet, when the afternoon train steamed into the station, which was only a short distance from the house; and in a very few minutes Mr. Grey, a suitcase in one hand, and the other clasping the arm of his daughter, came up the walk. Mrs. Grey, in fresh wrapper and spotless apron, was waiting at the gate, her face beautiful with welcome.

"You dear child," she said, "how glad I am to have you home again! Have you had a pleasant trip, or did you find it hot and tiresome travelling? It hasn't seemed very warm here today, has it, father? But then, we have been so busy and happy getting ready for you that we shouldn't have minded the weather if it had been broiling."

"It certainly was hot and disagreeable enough on the train, and I am simply tired to death; I thought the train would never get here!"

The girlish voice had an irritable ring which the pretty, discontented face did not belie. From my seat on the side veranda I could see and hear plainly all that passed, without myself being seen. I had planned to take a long tramp in the country, which would have covered the greater part of the afternoon, thinking the presence of a stranger might detract, in a measure, from the joy of the first home greetings; but a nervous headache had prevented, and Mrs. Grey had kindly insisted upon my occupying this cool, quiet corner where I would be undisturbed, assuring me in her cordial way that my presence there would in no wise be a drawback to their happiness. Through the open window I caught sight of the pretty, flushed face. Certainly no one could have mistaken the weariness it expressed, but I could not help wondering how any girl could continue to feel either tired or discontented in the light of that welcome. And while I was wondering, the mother-voice went on lovingly:

"Poor girlie! I was afraid you would be worn out with your hard work and the long trip; but you will soon get rested and feel like yourself again, now you are at home with father and me." All the while she was speaking, Mrs. Grey was drawing the pins from the wide hat and unbuttoning the long gloves. "You must be hungry, too, dear. I have lunch all ready for you, with the salad you like best. We had dinner at the usual time, but I only ate a little—I waited to finish with you."

"Oh, mother!" Gertrude's voice was almost a reproach. "I simply couldn't eat a mouthful! I am too warm and tired, and besides, I had lunch on the train. I didn't know what else to do to pass away the time, so I went back to the dining-car with the others and had dinner. I am sorry you have taken the extra trouble to prepare lunch for me, but you must have known about the dining-car having been put on recently, and might have thought I would take advantage of it. Truly I am sorry, mother dear." The impatient young voice softened at the close. Perhaps she realized for a moment something of the mother-love and mother-care that must have prompted the action.

A shade of disappointment darkened the mother's eyes for an instant, making them strangely wistful, then the cheery voice said: "Oh, it doesn't matter in the least, darling, about the lother; I just loved to do it, and even if you did eat on the train, that was some time ago, and surely you can take just a mouthful of mother's lunch, can't you? I feel sure a cup of tea would rest and refresh you."

"No, indeed, mother! I really don't want a thing but to get out of these dusty garments, and oh, how I would enjoy a good shower bath! That is one of the luxuries I miss so much when I come home. Now that I have become accustomed to them, I find it almost impossible to get along without them, but suppose I must manage somehow for a month at least."

"I am sorry, daughter," her mother answered patiently, "but we could not afford to have the bath-room put in this year, although father and I tried very hard to accomplish it as a surprise for you and Marion. Perhaps before another summer we may be able to manage it."

"I'm sure I hope so, but that's what we thought last year, and I'm getting tired of things being postponed!" Gertrude's voice expressed the utmost dissatisfaction as she continued: "A lot of other things need doing, too, mother; the whole house is out of repair; all the rooms ought to be done over. I wanted so much to bring Vernie Hathaway home with me to spend a part of her vacation, but didn't have the courage to invite her when I remembered the condition of our home. You can't imagine how small and shabby and dingy everything looks to me, compared with the homes of my friends in the city. It is hard enough to be obliged to earn one's living, without having to be deprived of all society because one is ashamed of their home."

Ashamed of her home! The little nest that I had considered such a haven of rest and peace and comfort! I wondered what reply the mother would make to this outburst, but before there was an opportunity for any, Gertrude abruptly changed the subject by asking, "Is Marion coming to-night?"

"Sure she's coming—she'll be here on the 12.40 train to-night," called Mr. Grey from the front porch. "Come out here, Gertie—there's a good place to rest and get cool." But Gertie was half way up stairs.

"Wait a few minutes, father," she called back, "and I'll be with you; but I do wish you wouldn't call me 'Gertie'! I just hate to be called that."

It was fully an hour before Gertrude came down in a fresh, dainty white dress and went out to the porch where her father still waited. He wanted to see her face light up when she saw the new hammock in her favorite corner.

"See," he said, as she came toward him, "what your old daddy bought for you."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "a brand new hammock! And what a giddy color! It almost makes my head swim. How dear of you, father, to think of buying it for me!" And, forgetting her selfishness and affectation for a moment in the real love of her heart, she put her arms around her father's neck and kissed him. "It was lovely of you, daddy, only I wish you had waited until I came home, because I would so much rather have had one of the lawn swing-chairs; they cost a little more of course, but are so much more desirable in every way."

I could not see the expression on the father's face, but I could feel the disappointment that must have shown from the kind eyes, and hear it in the voice that answered:

"I never thought of that, little girl. Maybe we can exchange it. I'll see Jones in the morning; he's out of town this afternoon, and the clerk wouldn't know anything about it."

"Of course we can! I know Mr. Jones will be willing to make the change if we pay the difference, and the chair will be ever so much nicer. You won't mind doing it, will you, father?"

The answer was lost to me as they left the porch for the garden, which lay on the opposite side of the house. Inside I could hear Mrs. Grey moving about the dining-room, putting away the tempting, untouched lunch; her step not quite as buoyant as when she had prepared it. She was humming to herself an old-fashioned hymn, and something in the sound of her voice caused a queer little ache in my heart as I watched the shadows lengthen. Later on I was introduced to Gertrude, who met me with a sweet girlish graciousness that would have completely won my heart had it not been for the experience of the afternoon. I was bitterly disappointed, and could not associate her in my mind with the daughter I had heard spoken of so often and so lovingly.

In the middle of the night the train that brought Marion home slowed into the station, its preliminary whistle having roused me from my first sound sleep. From my window, which faced the front gate, I could see the broad band of light shining from the open doorway, where I knew Mrs. Grey stood waiting to welcome this older daughter with the same tenderness she had bestowed upon the younger a few hours previous. Would it be received with the same indifference? I had not long to wonder.

Suddenly a trim little figure shot into the glow, and leaving her father behind, bounded through the gate, up the steps and straight into the arms of her mother, while a happy voice exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, I just can't tell you how glad I am to be home again! I have been living for this moment for weeks! There isn't any place on earth half so sweet and beautiful to me as this dear little nest of a home? I wouldn't exchange it for a king's palace. And that coffee? You can't imagine how delicious that coffee smells to hungry me."

"I thought you would be hungry, dear," Mrs. Grey answered in a voice as glad and happy as her daughter's, "and I know you must be tired enough to drop, with travelling all through the hot day and half the night."

"Yes, I was tired, but not now; I forgot all about it when the train whistled for the home station, and I have really had a very pleasant trip. It was hot and dusty, of course, but I remembered that every turn of the wheels was bringing me nearer home. And, mother dear, I'm so hungry; I can hardly wait to get at that coffee and all that goes with it. I haven't had a morsel to eat since noon. Nearly everybody went into the dining-car for dinner, but I knew you would have a dear little lunch waiting for me, and I wanted to save all my space for that. It wasn't altogether to save the money you know," with a little laugh.

"Of course I know, you dear girl; it was because you loved mother's lunch best." Then the happy voices passed beyond my hearing, except for faint echoes of cheer and laughter from the dining-room.

An hour later subdued voices in the upper hall aroused me from a second sleep. Mrs. Grey was speaking:

"You are to sleep in the morning, deary, just as long as you want to; don't think of getting up for our early breakfast. I want you and Gertrude to get all the rest you can out of your vacation."

"Why, mother, do you think I would miss eating breakfast with you and father the very first morning of my vacation?" Marion asked reproachfully. "What do you think I'm here for?"

Early the next morning, as I was arranging my toilet, I heard a laugh, then a "hello" came from the piazza below. Looking down, I saw Mr. Grey. His back was turned toward me, but instantly my eye caught the scene that had brought the words from him.

Marion had just pushed the boat up on the landing from the little lake near, and was swinging a cream can. The gladness of the morning was in her face, and I thought, "No wonder the father is proud of a girl like that." Laughing, Marion came to her father.

"You see, I could not have mother's coffee spoiled the first morning. The family seems to have been rather extravagant on cream yesterday. "But Mrs. Holmes has righted the matter."

As I came down half an hour later for breakfast, looking through to the kitchen as I entered the dining-room, I saw beside the old-fashioned cook stove Mr. and Mrs. Grey, and between them, with her arms about the neck of each, stood Marion. I had not yet had a formal introduction to this daughter of the household, but it seemed, as I drew my chair to the table, as though I knew her through and through—sweet lovable, unselfish. I do not wonder there was a note of tenderness in the voice of the mother as, coming forward with her daughter, she said, "Marion is with us this morning."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes From Our Issue of February 26th, 1891

Lamplighter Campbell's engagement concludes to-day.

Mr. Chas. Falkner has purchased from Mr. Geo. Garrett, Gloversville, the house and lot on Bower Avenue, formerly occupied by Mr. I. Francis, for $900.

Mr. Luther Lyman in crossing Henderson's pond to his duties at the public school, incautiously walked into one of the openings felt by the ice men. His cries speedily brought help, and he was rescued from his cold bath.

The Epworth League held an interesting literary and musical evening on Tuesday. Mr. C. O. Speight, Vice-President, was in the chair, and music was given by Mr. W. Williams' Quartette Club, also readings by Misses Lizzy McLean, Estella McKeown and the President.

Mrs. John Allan, of the 3rd line, Erin, who died on Saturday, wife of one of the old settlers, was well known in Acton, and was mother of Mrs. Chas. Symon, who was for many years an esteemed resident here. The funeral to Fairview Cemetery was largely attended.

Rev. Dr. Smith, of Queen's College, Kingston, preached twice on Sunday to large audiences in Knox Church. He was a guest at the Manse for a few days, and made a hurried canvass in behalf of Queen's endowment.

The Oakville Star sums up the recent departure in Acton's municipal service by saying: "Mr. Graham will have a busy time. Before daylight he will shovel snow, then run and poke the fire at the school and dust the seats. Afterwards walk around and look after the burglaries of the night before. In the afternoon clean lamps, repair sidewalks, chase cattle to the pound, in the summer cut the weeds, sweep the school, and then start out on his route lighting lamps.

Mr. John Waldie held a public meeting on Friday night with Col. Allan in the chair. Mr. D. Henderson will hold a meeting on Wednesday evening next.

Sir John A. Macdonald in passing through Acton on Saturday evening addressed a large crowd at the station in response to a request of his private secretary, made by Mr. I. Francis, an enthusiastic local admirer, and afterwards there was a great crowding to get a hearty shake of the hand of the Old Man. It was rather significant that Col. Allan, the Chairman of the Halton Reform Association Executive, should be the first to secure the handgrasp of the Premier, but this is explained by the fact that they were boys together in Scotland, and companions at school.

Rev. D. J. Macdonell said recently in St. Andrew's Church, Toronto; "If man only worked as hard for three weeks to save souls as to get their candidate to parliament, what a glorious result there would be."

Mr. Waldie is an ex-president, and Mr. Henderson an ex-president of the Halton Sunday School Association, whose annual convention opens at Burlington this morning. Both are still Sunday School workers, the latter being superintendent of Knox Sunday School here.

In the Municipal Council the Streets and Walks Committee requested authority to purchase for the new Municipal Officer these tools and supplies:—Long-handled shovel, spade, adze, crowbar, axe, claw-hammer, hand-saw, square, spirit level, rake, scythe, chalk-line.—Estimated cost about $12.

After discussing a few matters, the Council adjourned, and the members wended their way, some to the Reform and some to the Conservative Committee rooms, to again decide what Henderson's possible majority in Acton would be.

MARRIED—On November 5th, 1890, by Rev. W. B. Coombs, Mr. Peter Miller, operator, Conrad, formerly of Acton, to Miss Sadie Whittaker, of Great Falls, Montana.

MARRIED—On January 22nd, by Rev. C. McKillop, Mr. D. R. McKay, conductor, to Miss Sarah Miller, daughter of Mr. John Miller, Lethbridge, Man., formerly of Acton.

DIED—In the General Hospital, Guelph, on February 23rd, James Gay, poet, aged 80 years.

DIED—In Erin, lot 7, con. 3, on February 21st, Jane Moore, wife of John Allan, a native of Berwickshire, Scotland, in her 71th year.

ORDER A VICE.

Though cleanliness may be next to godliness it may become a vice and drive people to the devil. There are some women so afflicted with the virtue of cleanliness that their husbands find the saloon or club preferable to home, and their children would sooner run the streets than run the gauntlet of their gospel of soap and feather duster. There are men who are more concerned about keeping their stores neat and their desks properly arranged than they are about telling the truth or giving their neighbors a square deal. It doesn't follow that a neatly-kept or over-regulated establishment does the best business any more than a fussy faultless house is an indisputable evidence of good housekeeping. Order is "Heaven's first law," but when it stands in the way of results or hinders happiness it is a curse. "Where no oxen are the crib is clean, but much increase is by the strength of the ox." Sometimes litter is as commendable as neatness, and its absence as much the evidence of bad management as of good.

THE SONG OF THE WONDERFUL HOUSE

I've heard of such a lovely house,
I wish you'd help me find it;
It's made of cake with cooky walks
Before it and behind it,
The fence is made of peppermint,
And trimmed with candied cherries,
While butterflies float all the day
Like happy little fellows;
A fountain in the big back yard,
A lovely soda fountain,
And right behind, of chocolate,
A most delicious mountain;
And if you'll milk the cows you'll get
Ice cream in any flavor,
And you may have a quart or more
By showing good behaviour.

The nut trees all are full of nuts
That beg that you will take them;
Their shells are made of maple, so
You will not have to break them;
And every pretty bird that flies
In there, and sweetly singing,
And all the bluebells—think of that!—
Their little bells are ringing.

Now if what I've heard is true,
Some day, in pleasant weather,
I'll take your hand and you'll take mine,
And we'll start out together
To find this lovely house and yard,
With all their goodies teaming,
But don't you speak, for fear I'll wake,
And find that I've been dreaming.

—Louise Ayres Garnett.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE

She set me back in her lap.
"Look in your mother's eyes, lad," she said, "and say after me this: 'My mother'"—
"My mother," I repeated very soberly.
"Looked upon my heart"—
"Looked upon my heart," said I.
"And found it brave"—
"An' found it brave."
"And sweet"—
"An' sweet."
"Willing for the day's work"—
"And harboring no shameful hope"—
"An' harboring no shameful hope."
Again and again she had me say it, until I knew it every word by heart.
"Ah," said she at last, "but you'll forget."
"No, no!" I cried, "I'll not forget. 'My mother looked upon my heart,' I rattled, "an' found it brave an' sweet, willing for the day's work an' harboring no shameful hope.' I've not forgot! I've not forgot."
"He'll forget," she whispered, but not to me, "like all children."
But I have never forgotten that, when I was a child, my mother looked upon my heart and found it brave and sweet, willing for the day's work and harboring no shameful hope.—Norman Duncan's "Dr. Luke."

THE WRONG SCENT

A prominent citizen of Washington was travelling over a line of railway with which he was unfamiliar. At a certain point the road passes a fertilizer factory, the odor from which is offensive. It is particularly disagreeable to a lady who is compelled to make the journey daily. As a protection from the obnoxious atmosphere she is accustomed to carry a bottle of lavoodersalts. As the train approached the factory she produced the phial as usual, unstopped it and applied it to her nostrils. Presently the odors from the factory began to permeate the car. The Washington man endured it as long as he felt he could. At last he rose to his feet and, approaching the lady, said in his most polite manner, "Madam, may I request you to replace the stopper in that bottle?"—Youth's Companion.

THE WORM TURNED

A youthful barrister looked somewhat contemptuously at a simple-looking agricultural laborer in the witness-box evidently regarding the rustic as too "small fry" for his cross-examining skill. However, he began. "Have you been married?" The witness, who stammered, said he had once. "And whom did you marry?" "A w-w-woman, sir." The barrister turned to one of his confreres and murmured, "Village idiot." "Come, come, my good man," he said to the witness, "of course it was a woman! Did you ever hear of any one marrying a man?" "Yes, sir; p-please, my sister did!" was the reply. And the "village idiot" was troubled no further.

BURN CAUSED OPEN SORE

Zam-Buk Worked a Wonderful Cure

Sometimes a bad burn, a deep cut or some similar injury, sets up a more permanent injury, in the form of an open discharging sore. In such cases Zam-Buk will be found of unequalled value.

Mr. J. Nixon, of 001 William Ave., Winnipeg, a blacksmith at the C. P. R. shops, had his foot badly burned by some molten metal falling upon it. He says: "The burn was a very bad one, and after the first few days it left an open sore, which showed marked signs of blood-poisoning. It discharged freely and caused me terrible agony. For three weeks I suffered acutely and could get no ease. At last I obtained a preparation from the doctor, which seemed to stop the discharging, and made me quite hopeful, but finally the wound became as bad as ever.

"I was then advised to use Zam-Buk, and from the first application the balm gave me relief. The inflammation was thoroughly checked, and the poisonous matter cleared away in a very short time after beginning with Zam-Buk. Healing then began, and in less than two weeks the wound was thoroughly healed."

One of the main lessons of this case lies right here—try Zam-Buk first for any injury, sore, skin disease, or blood-poisoning, festering wounds, chaps, cold sores, children's eruptions, scalp sores, varicose ulcers, chilblains, etc. All druggists and stores sell it at 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. You are warned against harmful substitutes and inferior preparations, which yield a bigger margin of profit, and are sometimes pushed as being "just as good." Nothing is just as good.